

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

FROM

C. ANSTEY, ESQ.

TO

C. W. BAMPFYLDE, ESQ.



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FAMILIAR EPISTLE

F R O M

C. A N S T E Y, E S Q.

*R*

(AUTHOR OF THE NEW BATH GUIDE.)

T O

C. W. BAMPFYLDE, ESQ.

TRANSLATED AND ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED BY JAMES BYRN, AND SON,  
SYCAMORE - ALLEY,  
FOR THE COMPANY OF BOOKSELLERS.

M,DCC,LXXVII.

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(AUTHOR OF THE NEW FATHOM)

TO

C. W. B. FRYDE, ESQ.



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## FAMILIAR EPISTLE, &c.

**I**F e'er my Muse indulg'd her sportive theme,  
On Cam's green margin, or on Avon's stream.  
To thee, dear BAMPFYLDE, gratefully she pays  
The friendly tribute of her jocund lays,  
Candour, with polish'd arts, 'tis thine to blend,  
'Tis mine to love and praise them in my friend.

O'er both our souls a kindred star presides,  
To studies, sports, and joys, congenial guides,

Thy glowing portraits breathe Promethean fire,  
 With wanton heed I strike the frolic lyre,  
 Nor 'midst it's merry notes, does Polyhymny  
 Refuse to grace the corner of my chimney ;  
 And, as with lingering steps age steals along,  
 She cheers the unwelcome prospect with a song.  
 Long may her sister Muse inspire thy soul,  
 Long may *her* powers thy pencils art controul,  
 Whose silent eloquence the lyre defies,  
 And speaks a vivid language to the eyes.  
 With equal ardours, tho' our vows were paid,  
 Still hast thou found the more complying maid,  
 And shewn where ladies favours are the prize,—  
 Much may depend on wit, but more on *size*.  
 How strong thy fertile fancy's power, how true  
 The mimic forms thy ready pencil drew,  
 Ye roofs proclaim, whose patrons ten times seven  
 Priz'd and rever'd, as delegates of Heaven,

High

High priests of pleasure's mystic rites repair,  
 To club for Baïæ's weal their pious care.  
 Ye who to cards and fiddles rear'd the shrine,  
 Where Britain's boast ! her studious sons com-  
 bine  
 'To ply their nightly task——here, 'midst the  
 throng  
 Have we too dragg'd the tardy hours along,  
 And gazing wonder'd where the wights were  
 found,  
 Which Bath's kind star had drawn from countries  
 round,  
 While by congenial zeal for trifles sway'd,  
 Both old and young the fiddle's call obey'd,  
 Nor did the gay, grotesque, fantastic train  
 Invite thy pencil's mimic art in vain.

And

And lo, advancing far before the rest,  
 The travell'd beau exulting rears his crest,  
 With jacket coat, whose clipt skirts scarce conceal  
 The filken shade that flutters round his tail.  
 An ill starr'd youth, by adverse fate design'd  
 To feel the jarring conflicts of the mind,  
 For when, in Pas de Rigadon he itches,  
 To shake his heels and shew his filken breeches,  
 Scar'd at his near approach the dragon aunt  
 Retreats, and eyes the wicked sight askaunt,  
 While Miss, with downcast leer, behind her fan,  
 Blushes and giggles at the naughty man.  
 Cast now thine eye to where the corded round,  
 Reserves for tripping feet the hallow'd ground,  
 There, in the pride of steps unknown before,  
 Yon elfish stripling bounds along the floor,

Sweating

Sweating and straining each distorted nerve,  
 His shoulders sunk, his arms in sweeping curve,  
 Shaking one leg in air, mean while the other  
 In artful balance, wisely props his brother ;  
 His tail too bobs upon his powder'd poll,  
 As if obedient to the sound's controul,  
 A tail, which to his locks tho' now ally'd,  
 Was once (as fame reports) a stallion's pride.  
 A thievish Frenchman view'd, with longing eyes,  
 The tempting spoil, and soon the massive prize  
 Deck'd and oppress'd his pigmy patron's back,  
 Which bow'd unequal to the weighty pack.  
 But when the beauteous nymphs my verse de-  
 mand,  
 Or *gentler touches* of thy mimic hand ;  
 The muse, aghast ! declines the mighty song,  
 And tho' a lady, trusts not to her tongue :

For



For should a bard, tho' Phœbus lent him brains,  
 To female caprice dedicate his strains,  
 To ever changing forms which sight deceive,  
 Like motes quick glancing on the beam of eve,  
 To robes and plumes of all the tints that glow  
 On Flora's banks, or Iris' painted bow,  
 Alas ! the youth like Icarus must sink,  
 And mourn his rashness in a sea of ink.

Mark but their cloud-capt heads, with steeples  
 vying,

The base restraints of coach and chair defying,  
 With painted plumes all waving as they go,  
 Nodding dismay to little folks below :

Mark too, to make the shuttle-cock complete,  
 The cork assumes a more ignoble seat ;

What then should keep them from their native  
 skies,

In flights beyond the ken of mortal eyes ?

What

What but for us (all angels as they are)  
 Some friendly powers conspire to keep them  
     here ;  
 Pads, pins, pomatum, club their weight toge-  
     ther,  
 And counterpoise the flight of cork and feather.  
 Here too, (lest all those friendly aids should fail  
 To check the aspiring pride of head and tail)  
 Clowns with their cows and calves all seem to  
     stare,  
 And wonder how the devil they got there,  
 The wife's and virgin's joy, the matron's pride,  
 Fields, trees, and cottages, triumphant ride,  
 Twin'd in the greasy ringlets of the hair,  
 Medusa too might view her head-dress there,  
 Great Cybele her vanquish'd crest deplore,  
 And boast her of her tower-capt head no more.

Go

Go then, blest youth, and swell love's votive  
train,

Go, heave the gentle sigh, nor sigh in vain,  
And seek with hasty steps that happier shore,  
Where hymen mourns his injur'd rites no more  
But sees on altars pure the flame arise,  
Which laws unjust controul secure defies,  
Leave fear and thought behind, fly, quick, be-  
gone,

Nor wait the coming of to-morrow's sun;  
Nor, tho' the angry fire indignant views  
The deed, tho' still his griping hands refuse  
The welcome pelf, do thou for sordid gain  
With cold neglect the genial bed profane,  
But leave to one of Israel's bearded race  
The gloomy scowling of the shylock face,  
Who damns with sullen leer the smoaking board,  
With swinish hams and bloody puddings stor'd,

But

But still in petto keeps his bitterest curse,  
 For loss of cent per cent and empty purse.  
 Thus when at Jonathan's the hated light  
 Of morn, to reckoning calls the losing wight,  
 (A morn more dreaded than that last great day  
 When bulls and bears must all their reck'ning  
 pay)

With one emphatic curse to hell he sends,  
 Scrips, consols, bonds, jews, christians, foes,  
 and friends.

But thou, who spurn'st all groveling thoughts,  
 whose soul

The fordid lust of gain could ne'er controul,  
 Bid to the gods thy grateful incense rise,  
 E'er yet the honey-moon its light denies,  
 Conscious that vows of gratitude delay'd  
 For bounteous heaven's behests are seldom paid,

*And*

*And tho' to deary's share light coffers fall,*  
*Look at her head and thou'lt forget it all,*  
 A tow'ring crest, of which the cheering sight  
 Will make e'en Hymen's dreaded shackles light ;  
 For should the fair one, plunged in ton and taste,  
 Thy guineas lavish and thine acres waste,  
 Should chariots, horses, pictures, jewels, all  
 Before great Pam, Loo's mighty tyrant, fall,  
 Nor thou, with sighs thy sad mischance deplore,  
 One pawn, one glorious pawn shall all restore,  
 And plenty from her lavish horn shall shed  
 Once more her golden show'rs upon thine head :  
 More would my muse, but prudence checks her  
     song,

And hints the dangers of too bold a tongue.  
 Nor when my merry strains your hours beguile,  
 Do you chaste fair ones, deem your poet's smile

A cynic



A cynic sneer ; and should some wight transpose  
 To English rhymes my lays, for Belles and Beaus,  
 Nor ye of venom-pointed flights accuse  
 The random arrows of my careless muse,  
 But still with generous care my strains defend,  
 And know your poet for your guide and friend.

Oft have I seen, and sorely griev'd to see,  
 The raw, gay, giddy lads too soon set free,  
 Proud that (e'er yet she counts her sixteenth  
     year)

Mamma no more controuls her wild career.  
 To ruin's brink with eager haste she strays,  
 No parent's hand her trembling feet to raise ;  
 There lurk a race her footsteps to betray,  
 And seize with savage joy their guileless prey,  
 For them nor love nor Hymen lights his fires,  
 Foes to connubial joys and chaste desires ;

Or

Or when the generous pangs of love they feign,  
 'Tis but to mock the wretched damsel's pain ;  
 To beauty callous, gold alone controuls  
 The selfish bias of their sordid souls,  
 Or, if by chance, caprice, or mammon led,  
 With transports feign'd, *one* press the genial bed,  
 He chides the tardy hours, and swears that fate  
 Has balk'd his hopes with an immortal mate.

How shall the Muse her honest rage restrain,  
 When tottering age steps forth and joins the train ;  
 A worn-out beau, who still the call obeys,  
 Where youth and love their festive standards  
 raise :

As 'mid the feather'd tribe the bird of night  
 Infests with omens sad their airy flight,  
 By long experience taught the wily art,  
 To read the passions, and unfold the heart,

An

An ever placid, ever simpering face,  
 A tongue which blunt, harsh truths did ne'er dis-  
 grace,

Disdaining vulgar tales, a tide he pours,  
 Of Lords, Castratos, Fiddlers, Pimps, and  
 Whores,

Now fawning on a peer, with servile pride,  
 Now dangling, like her watch, at Chloe's side.  
 Nor (farther yet should curious strangers pry)  
 Shall Johnny Weevil e'er his name deny.

For Johnny, like the \* worm, (e'er sun's disclose  
 The blushing beauties of the budding rose)  
 With blighting touch the infant flower destroys,  
 And robs the summer of its promis'd joys.

If bathing, tumblers, auctions, apes, or players,  
 New fidlers, methodists, or dancing bears,

\* The Weevil Worm.

B

The

The learned dog (or what more wonderous sight,  
 Bath yield with monsters teeming) should invite  
 The nymph abroad, lo Johnny cringing stands,  
 A Tool obsequious for the Maid's commands,  
 But if by chance a dancing rage he feels,  
 And trusts, rash dotard, to his ears and heels,  
 On light fantastic toe the damsel tripping,  
 Thro' many a mazy circle nimbly skipping,  
 Sees Johnny every nerve and muscle strain,  
 To trip with equal steps, and toil in vain.  
 In vain his hand he shakes, in vain he begs  
 With earnest nods, some respite for his legs  
 No rest he knows, 'till halting in the middle,  
 He damns to hell, pipe, tabor, flute, and fiddle.  
 As by a mastiff, when a hare is spy'd  
 Securely frisking near a copse's side,  
 His ears erect, the cur begins the chace,  
 Urging with eager rage his tardy pace,

*Thrown*

*Thrown out at length, he halts upon the plain,  
And pants, and gasps, and foams, and barks in  
vain,*

*Thus panting, thus complaining, Johnny feels  
How ill gay frolics suit with gouty heels;  
Freed from the unequal contest of the dance,  
He smirks and leers with many a gloting glance,  
With looks complacent now he greets the fair,  
And now his gentle mien and graceful air,  
While many a threadbare jest, and many a tale  
With slander big, the virgin's ears assail.*

*She with a smile, his fulsome tongue repays  
And glibly swallows even Johnny's praise,  
Expos'd to view her swelling bosom's pride,  
Save what a net-work shade affects to hide;  
Courting the glance of beaux with arms compress'd,  
She slyly swells the heaven of her breast,*



Which heaves, as if the orbs indignant bore  
 The base confinement of her *Jupe au corps*,  
 Nor heeds the misses spite, nor dreads the lay  
 Which I might sing, nor what her Aunt may say.  
 Two tyrant powers, each female breast obeys,  
 The rage of fashion and the lust of praise.

Hence (like the streamers which a top mast  
 bears)

Long dangling ribbands flutter round their ears.  
 Say then; is virgin innocence express'd  
 By heads in tawdry colours idly dress'd?  
 Quit these ye nymphs, and let such marks describe  
 The wretched sisters of the wanton tribe,  
 Who once to man's delusive arts a prey,  
 Have learn'd in turn to ruin and betray.  
 Health's crimson glow no more is theirs, no more  
 The sun-shine of the breast shall peace restore,

Their

Their fates the Graces mourn, nor shall the Muse  
The willing tribute of a tear refuse.

As when the wind in eddies whirling round,  
Lifts up light straws and feathers from the ground ;  
So Pleasure's whirlpools, balls, drums, routs and  
plays,

Whisk the nymph round in such a giddy maze,  
That Nature sinks, Disease consumes her frame,  
And Life's dim lamp scarce yields a glimmering  
flame,

A feeble call to pleasure yet remains,  
The languid blood flow creeping thro' her veins,  
Hysterics, faintings, head-achs, gasping breath,  
And all the ghastly family of death  
Their victim urge.—Fly quick, the doctors call,  
Full Bottoms, Bags, Licentiates, Quacks and all.

But

But see they come—sage sons of Pæan hail !  
 In close array the stubborn foe assail,  
 On this side plant a battery of glysters,  
 Here gall his flank with cataplasms and blisters,  
 Force through his trenches with a strong cathartic,  
 And pour in vomits 'till you make his heart ach ;  
 Now draw your lancets, cut thro' thick and thin,  
 Hack, slash the veins and scarify the skin,  
 Sing Iö Pæan—see the foe is flying !  
 But ah see too the wretched maid is dying,  
 She droops her languid head, and strange to say,  
 By triumphs lost, to victories a prey.  
 As Tobit chas'd the devil by a stink,  
 One hope remains e'er yet the damsel sink,  
 Try then this last resource—a charm prepare  
 Teeming with \* stinks *sublime*, strong, rich and rare.

\* Mr. Burke in his celebrated treatise, makes a stink to be  
 one of the sources of the sublime.

Of dung of peacocks take a pan-full,  
 Of foot and hog-lice each a handful,  
 The scrapings off a blister-plaster,  
 Urine a quart, cum testic : castor :  
 With rotten cabbages assistance,  
 To give the charm a due consistence.

Ye too, whose † mottos thro' the world pro-  
 claim

Your patron deity and healing fame,  
 To whom Apollo gave the two-fold skill  
 To trace the malady, and—gild the pill.  
 First stir the hodge-podge, then with nods pre-  
 found,  
 Summon to sage debate the Nurses round,  
 But that your speech be energetic, mark  
 Your words, like Delphic Oracles, be dark ;

† Opiferque per orbem dicor.

English on Greek, with French on Latin grounded,  
A jargon wild, confusion worse confounded,

Shameful to tell, the Foe eludes the skill  
Of all who gild the palm, or gild the pill ;  
Nor ought avail, stinks, bolusses, or blisters,  
Hard words, great wigs, warm draughts, or cool-  
ing glysters,

Her bloom, her health, her strength for ever lost,  
The ruling passion still maintains its post.

Doctors, avaunt ! exclaims the nymph, “ I’ll try  
“ Once more my trembling legs, I dance or die :

“ Your drugs and cant no longer I’ll endure,

“ *That* caus’d my pain, from *that* I’ll seek my  
cure ;

“ I feel my breast inspir’d, ’tis nature’s call,

“ Which bids me physic quit, and try—a Ball.”

His



His task once more the Friseur re-assumes,  
 Once more her head exults in nodding plumes,  
 When builders raise the pile, supports they place  
 In due degrees, the strongest at the base ;  
 Ladies invert the rule, with them the top  
 Is always highest, with the weakest prop.

How have I seen, 'midst grease and powder  
 thick,

Leeks, carrots, radishes and onions stick,  
 Burthens which even gard'ners wives would dread,  
 The nymph for pleasure bears upon her head ;  
 On others shrubs and flowers rang'd, in order,  
 Present the picture of a garden border :  
 Perhaps, (but oh chaste shades of matrons rise,  
 From sights impure as these protect our eyes,)  
 Some nymph of *Ton*, despising vulgar fame,  
 Will deck her head with what—I blush to name.

\* But

\* But hark ! I hear a voice indignant say,  
 “ From Granta’s shores what Demon bade thee  
 “ stray ?  
 “ (Bœtian shores ! which skirt thy native bogs,  
 “ Where once thou sung’st in unison with frogs,)  
 “ To trespass on the Graces blest abodes,  
 “ With splayfoot satires, or more splayfoot odes.  
 “ What God ? what Devil could thy breast in-  
 “ spire ?  
 “ To re-assume thy long forsaken lyre,  
 “ Thy Latin lyre, which many a year had hung  
 “ A mute forlorn, neglected and unstrung.  
 “ Was it ? that shelter’d in a tongue unknown,  
 “ Thy Muse her shafts securely might have  
 “ thrown,

\* All the lines in the original which referred to the etchings, and which were for the most part translations from the Election Ball, are here omitted.

To

" To wound, with impious hand, the sacred fame  
 " Of youths and maids, who sport on Avon's  
 " stream,  
 " Are Avon's banks, for which bright Venus  
 " leaves  
 " The beauteous Isles which crown the Ægean  
 " waves,  
 " Fit themes for jests profane ? Say has not fate  
 " To thee assign'd an undeserv'd retreat ?  
 " Where the proud Crescent mocks the dog-  
 " star's ray,  
 " Cool as a grot amid the blaze of day,  
 " And while the wintry blasts the skies deform,  
 " In solid strength secure, defies the storm.  
 " There, tho' no \* *Cabbage Garden* greet thine  
 " eye,  
 " Nor onion's savory roots their sweets supply,

\* See Ode to Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

" Yet

“ Yet do thy grateful nostrils oft exhale  
 “ A transient vapour from the ambrosial gale,  
 “ Wafted from heads which breathe a thousand  
     “ odours  
 “ From flowers, pomatums, shrubs and scented  
     “ powders,  
 “ Heads worthy of a nobler Poet’s song,  
 “ Nor furnish’d less with feather than with  
     “ tongue.

“ When erst in times of early greece ’tis said  
 “ Amphion’s hands the trembling chords obey’d,  
 “ Rocks, castles, columns, to the tune advancing,  
 “ Their *gravity* forgot and fell to dancing,  
 “ Here should Amphion try the moving sound,  
 “ Thy columns, crescent, still would keep their  
     “ ground,

“ Their

" Their rustic bases firm in massive pride  
 " Had Sampson's or an earthquake's force defy'd,  
 " But what the magic lyre or Sampson's arm  
 " In vain had try'd, the still more magic charm  
 " Of Lawyer's tongues triumphantly had shewn,  
 " The mass to move was their's and their's alone.

" But tho' Sophia's streams thy verse inspire,  
 " Or warmer draughts thy glowing fancy fire,  
 " To Baïæ's son's sublimer strains belong  
 " Whose virtues soar far far above thy song.  
 " To Cecrops once two Deities decreed  
 " Auspicious gifts ! an Olive and a Steed,  
 " Pledges that Athens envied state should rise  
 " In arts and arms the darling of the skies,  
 " Had he in happier days obey'd the hog  
 " Which led King Bladud to the teeming bog,

" There



- " There had he seen what joys life's toils relieve  
 " From *eve to morn from morn to dewy eve*,  
 " A never cloying scene, Plays, Prayers, Doc-  
 " tors,  
 " Spruce Bishops, fighting Chancellors and Proc-  
 " tors,  
 " Proud Athens' boasts, the steed and olive sprig  
 " Had bow'd to Baïæ's springs and Bladud's pig.  
 " Ye bowers where Plato taught, ye banks  
 " whose streams  
 " So oft inspir'd the Grecian Poet's dreams,  
 " Deserted streams and mute, your pride is o'er,  
 " Your honours all transfer'd to Avon's shore.  
 " 'Tis here the young idea learns to shoot,  
 " 'Tis here that virtue takes her infant root,  
 " With Spartan maxims rigidly severe,  
 " The Stoic gives his midnight lectures here.  
 " Sloth,

“ Sloth, Luxury and Pride these walls disclaim,  
 “ Vices unknown, or only known by name ;  
 “ Nor, (should the force of precepts nought avail)  
 “ Would goodly proofs of bright examples fail.

“ Illustrious sages hail ! the boast is yours,  
 “ That *Learning* still the amplest Boons procures.  
 “ ’Tis yours to fire the youthful breast by shewing  
 “ How fortune pours her blessings on the *Knowing* ;  
 “ Pallas for you assumes an earthly mien,  
 “ Auspicious guide ! in form of Diamond’s queen,  
 “ For you the *magic cubes* unlock the source  
 “ Of springs, which shame Pactolus’ golden  
 “ course.

“ See yon great Bards at phœbus’ altar nod,  
 “ They are his genuine sons they feel the God :  
 “ Hark

“ Hark to their deep-ton’d song, with raptures

“ swelling

“ On Virtue, Glory, Truth, and Honour dwell-

“ ling,

“ Nor Hate, nor Jealousy, nor venal Praise

“ Pollute the tenour of their candid lays,

“ On Avon’s banks if e’er their steps have stray’d,

“ Oft has the stream its sleepy course delay’d,

“ And when the Naiads caught the soothing strain,

“ The poppy seem’d to rear its head in vain.

“ Unpluck’d by them the thorn of satire grows,

“ No fulsome spring of panegyric flows

“ For them, which from its placid poison’d source

“ Winds in a gentle stream its baleful course.

“ Hail blest retreats ! which Cato might have

“ lov’d,

“ Or Scipio’s philosophic soul approv’d,

“ Here

“ Here when the ag’d life’s dangerous shoals  
 “ have past,

“ Secure in port no more they dread the blast,

“ But (while their evening ray steals gently on)

“ Cheer the sad prospect of the setting sun,

“ Not by the aid of ought which folly pours

“ With lavish hand from never failing stores,

“ Not like rash boys by listing in a war,

“ When Dancers jostle, or when Fiddlers jarr,

“ But still regretting years in follies past,

“ To peace and virtue dedicate the last.

“ Sick of the Parson, and the Parson’s Wife,

“ And dull unvaried round of rural life,

“ The Squire and Madam bid adieu to all,

“ The home-spun pleasures of the Manor-hall,

“ From humdrum evening chat, lo Bath invites

“ To social joys and *rational* delights.

C

“ As

“ As whim or pleasure leads they each incline,  
 “ *He* wastes the midnight lamp at Hazard’s  
 “ shrine,

“ *Her* joys extend to all that Gallia pours  
 “ In bounteous tide on Albion’s grateful shores,  
 “ Friseurs and Confidantes her friendship share,  
 “ Expert to form the mind or dress the hair,  
 “ From these sage guides she learns; her po-  
 “ lish’d mind

“ Was ne’er for dull domestic cares design’d.  
 “ That mean pursuits might vulgar souls employ,  
 “ But she by Heaven was form’d alone for joy.  
 “ Here then thine altars raise, here Hymen shed  
 “ Thy choicest blessings on the genial bed.

“ Hail Genius of the Springs! ’tis thine the  
 “ care,

“ To guard and teach the inexperience’d Fair

“ At



“ At Balls, Routs, Concerts, that the laws pro-

“ vide,

“ A decent matron still must grace her side ;

“ To early rambles should her mind be prone,

“ The morning uncontrol'd remains her own,

“ Whether the sylvan Faun her presence greets,

“ Whether with flowing train she sweep the

“ streets,

“ Whether 'midst Youths and Amazonian bands

“ The prancing steed obeys her skilful hands ;

“ While thus by generous custom unconfined,

“ No checks she knows but those which curb the

“ mind.

“ Hark ! 'tis a female voice, forbear thy

“ rhymes,

“ Rash Bard, it cries, and tremble for thy crimes ;

“ Now hear the law :—

“ Not having (as all wise men have) the fears

“ Of female tongues provok'd, before thine ears,

“ Against the Statute has thy Pen been scribbling,

“ Our foibles now, and now our feathers nib-  
bling :

“ The Court ordains, with tar and feathers  
smear'd

“ Thine impious carcase in a cart be rear'd,

“ And drag'd thro' Baïæ's streets, while Lads  
and Lasses

“ Shall scoff and hoot the wild-goose as he passes.

“ Banish'd by our decrees from Avon's side,

“ Thy Muse forlorn shall weep o'er Lethe's tide,

“ Perhaps like paper kite shall mount on high,

“ Training a tail of satires thro' the sky,

“ A dire example to the croud below,

“ Of female vengeance on a rhyming foe.”

If

If thou, beloved friend, should'st see me stand  
 The bleeding victim of a vengeful band,  
 While Maid and Matron each thy Bard assails  
 With cruel taunts and still more cruel nails,  
 (In pity to my woes) forbear to trace  
 With ill-tim'd pleasantry my mournful face,  
 But when thy poet's scatter'd limbs shall glide  
 A tragic spectacle ! down Avon's tide,  
 Collect his sad remains, and (whilst his bier  
 Receives the tribute of thy friendly tear)  
 From vile *Translators* vindicate his name,  
 And leave the rest to Candour and to Fame.

T H E   E N D.

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